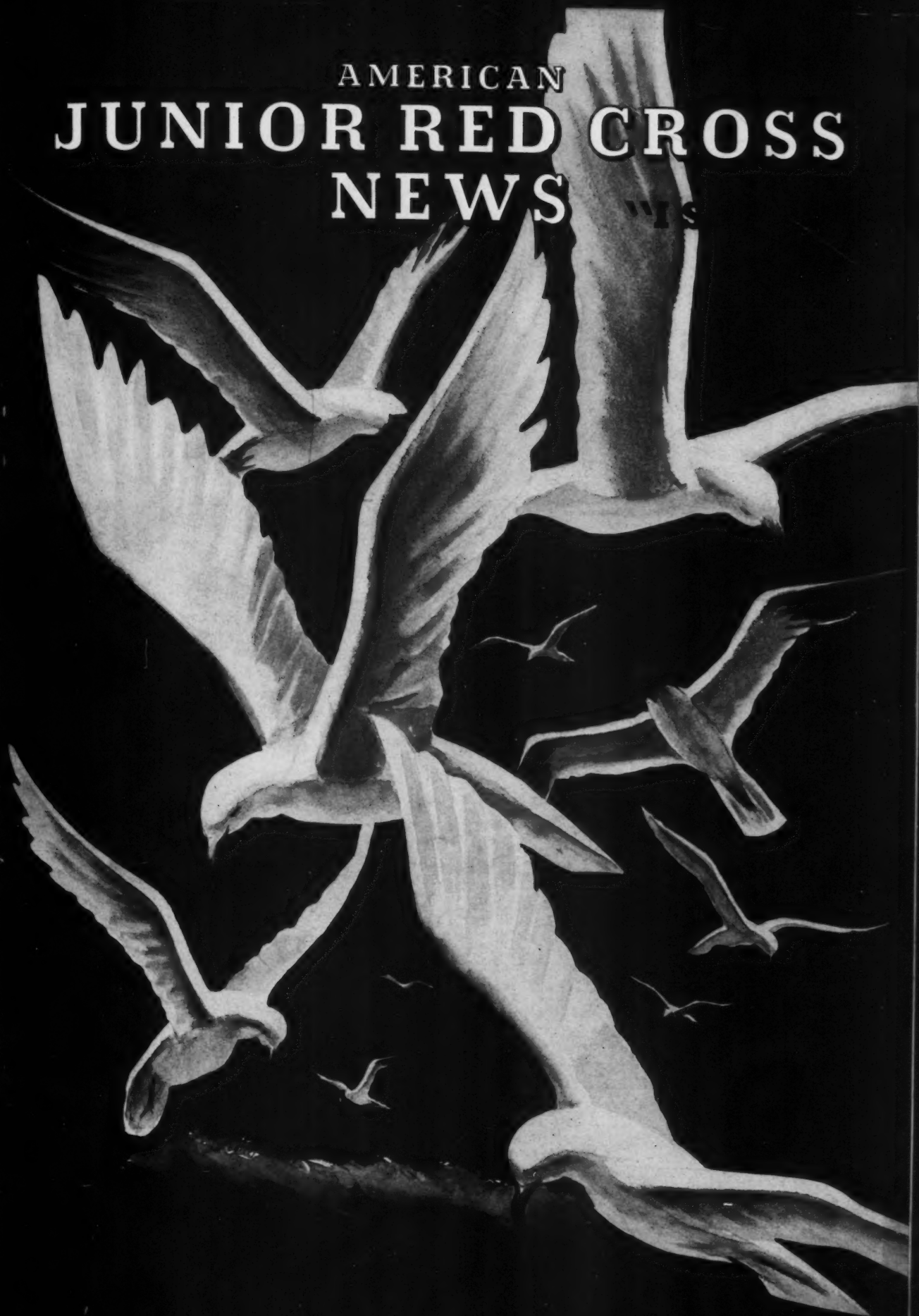


AMERICAN  
**JUNIOR RED CROSS**  
**NEWS**





KING JOHN SIGNS MAGNA CARTA

# American Junior Red Cross NEWS

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March • 1940

## Magna Carta

GERTRUDE HARTMAN

**I**N THE British building at the World's Fair in New York last summer was displayed in a place of honor a small piece of parchment, worn and yellowed by time, called Magna Carta, which means the Great Charter. Day after day visitors stood in long lines waiting to look at the strange-looking Latin sentences in faded ink with which it is covered.

When the Fair closed, Magna Carta was taken to the Library of Congress in Washington and there it is now, treasured with our Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States, and carefully guarded day and night.

Only a small piece of parchment covered with sentences that none of us can understand! Why are we so interested in it, and why is it guarded as a precious treasure? It is because back of that little parchment is a wonderful story for all of us who love liberty. It takes us back seven hundred years to the thirteenth century in England in the reign of King John.

John was one of the worst kings England ever had. It happened, however, that by his very wickedness he did a great service to his country, for he was such a bad ruler that the people rose up and forced him to give them greater political liberty. John robbed the nobles of their lands, levied taxes unjustly, and in other ways oppressed his subjects. Enemies of the king were thrown into prison and sometimes kept there for years without being brought to trial to find out whether they were guilty of any offense. Time and time

again John made fair promises to the nobles and afterwards refused to keep them.

At last the important barons of the realm decided to endure John's oppressive government no longer. Stephen Langton, archbishop of Canterbury, a good man who loved England, helped the barons in their revolt against the king.

One day in 1214, the archbishop met with some of the barons in the cathedral and, according to Roger of Landover, a chronicler of the time, said to them, "There has been found a charter of Henry I, by which, if ye will, ye may recall to their former estate, the liberties ye have so long lost." And he read the long-forgotten document to them. Henry I was an earlier king of England. He had given the nobles of his day a charter in which he promised to rule justly and to observe the laws of the kingdom.

When the barons heard the promises made to their ancestors by a king a hundred years before, they decided to stand up for their rights. Kneeling before an altar they solemnly bound themselves to compel John by force of arms, if necessary, to restore their long-lost liberties.

John tried in every way to put off the struggle, but it was no use. Finally he sent a messenger to the barons to ask what rights they wanted.

The barons delivered to the messenger a paper containing a long list of demands, and they declared that unless the king granted these demands immediately they would make

war on him and take possession of all his castles and lands.

One by one these demands were read to the king.

John listened to them with a scornful smile on his face. Then, in a burst of fury, he cried, "Why do not the barons ask me for my kingdom at once? Their demands are idle dreams, without a shadow of reason. I will never grant liberties that would render me a slave."

The messenger carried the king's refusal back to the waiting barons.

Then the barons gathered together an army and marched on London, and all the nobles of the realm joined them against the king, from whose tyranny they had suffered for so long. Even John's most trusted followers saw that his cause was hopeless and abandoned him.

Seeing the uselessness of further resistance the king sent a messenger to tell the barons that "for the sake of peace and for the welfare and honor of his realm, he would freely concede to the laws and liberties which they asked and that they might appoint a place and day for him and them to meet for the settlement of all these things."

On the Thames River, not far from London, was a broad stretch of meadowland, known as Runnymede, which was agreed upon as the place of meeting. The insurgent barons marched from London, their armor glistening in the bright sun, their banners flying, and gathered two thousand strong. The royal tent was pitched nearby.

And there, on June 15, 1215, John affixed his great seal to the charter, which the nobles had prepared. This is the document known as Magna Carta.

The charter began: "Know ye that we, in the presence of God and for the health of our souls and the souls of our ancestors and heirs . . . of our own free will, have granted and confirmed this our present charter which we will observe and do will it to be faithfully observed by our heirs forever.

"We have granted to all freemen of our kingdom, for us and our heirs forever, all the underwritten liberties, to have and to hold, they and their heirs forever of us and our heirs."

Thereafter followed sixty-three provisions most of which, although important in feudal times, did not apply to the changed conditions of later days.

But among them were some which came to play a most important part in giving freedom to the English people in later ages.

One of these said: "No freeman shall be seized, imprisoned, or outlawed, or banished, or in any way brought to ruin except by the legal judgment of his peers and by the law of the land." In another important passage John promised, "to no man will we sell, or deny, or delay right or justice."

In those passages the king admitted that he had no right to imprison or punish his subjects except in accordance with the law.

The barons had been unjustly taxed. In order to prevent this in the future the charter stated: "No scutage (tax) or aid shall be raised except by the general council of the kingdom." By this provision the king could not tax the people without the consent of the nobles.

As a means of controlling a king whom no man could trust, it was decided that a council, consisting of twenty-five barons, was to see that John kept the promises he made in the charter, and the charter declared that the barons had the right to make war on the king if he failed to do so.

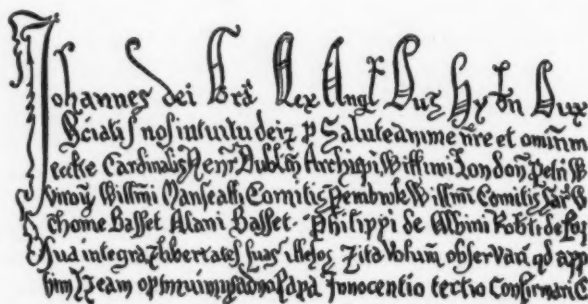
"I am a king with five and twenty overkings," cried the wretched king when he read that provision.

Many copies of the charter were made and sent to cathedrals and other safe places, so that if one copy was destroyed there would be others left. There are four copies of the old charter still in existence.

The one we now have in this country is from the Lincoln Cathedral.

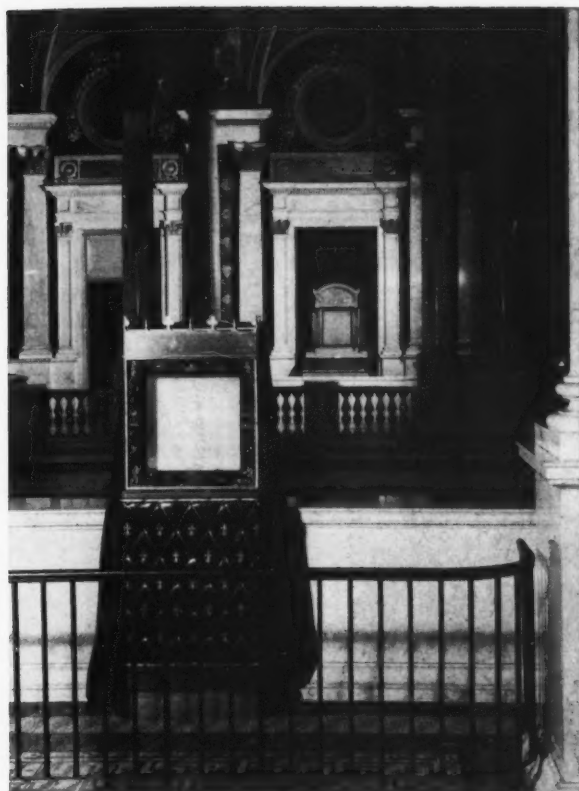
It is said that in public John wore a smiling countenance and declared that he was per-

fectly satisfied with the settlement of affairs, but that when he was safely back in his own castle he gave vent to rage, gnashing his teeth like a madman, rolling his eyes, throwing himself on the floor and gnawing the rushes with which it was strewn.



Facsimile of the opening sentences of Magna Carta





HARRIS AND EWING

The Magna Carta installed in the Library of Congress at Washington. The Declaration of Independence and the Constitution can be seen in the background

But his rage soon passed. He had agreed to the charter because he was forced to do so; but he had no intention of keeping his promises. In a few months he brought troops from France to England and made war on the barons.

At first John was successful everywhere and went through England ravaging and burning the country.

But the struggle between the barons and the tyrant king was brought to an end shortly by John's sudden death.

Thus, on that June day away back in the thirteenth century, when King John unwill-

ingly set his seal on the Great Charter and took a solemn oath to keep its provisions, the foundations of personal and political liberty were laid in England.

Before that, kings had acted as if they were above the law. In the Great Charter it was set down in black and white that the people had certain rights and that a king had certain duties toward his people.

In forcing John to accept Magna Carta, the barons had only their own interests in mind, and in their day they were the ones to benefit from it. Most of the people of England at that time were serfs and they had no rights.

But in later ages when kings tried to rule despotically the people looked back on the old charter as the cornerstone of their liberties and again and again they forced their tyrannical rulers to observe its principles. It is for this reason that Magna Carta is prized by the English people today as one of the great documents in the long struggle for liberty carried on by their ancestors.

What interest have we Americans in Magna Carta? The English people who settled this country were the heirs of the great political traditions of England. When, after the Revolution, the colonies became an independent nation, they made a constitution to give the people of this country freedom such as their forefathers in England had struggled for so long.

The liberty and justice guaranteed to every citizen of the United States by our Bill of Rights go back to Magna Carta and the other great documents of English liberty. As James Bryce, a great historian, says in his *American Commonwealth*: "The American Constitution is no exception to the rule that everything which has power to win the obedience and respect of men must have its roots deep in the past . . . There is little in the Constitution that is absolutely new. There is much that is as old as Magna Carta."

## The Oak Leaves

ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

When all the other leaves are gone  
The brown oak leaves still linger on,  
Their branches obstinately lifted  
To frozen wind and snow deep-drifted.

But when the winter is well passed  
The brown oak leaves drop down at last,  
To let the little buds appear  
No larger than a mouse's ear.

—From "Away Goes Sally," Macmillan

# The Egg Race of Lausanne

EVERY year on Easter Monday the butcher boys of Lausanne in Switzerland organize a big parade and egg race in memory of their comrade, Samuel Brunat. This custom dates from the Easter Monday of 1553.

The Vaud country was then under the rule of the Bernese and members of the aristocratic families of Berne used to go to Lausanne to learn French and to study. One of them, a young aristocrat, boarded in the home of a wealthy old lady who had in her service a young girl from Montreux. For some time this girl had been engaged to Brunat, the butcher's apprentice. The young student from Berne, who loved a good time, preferred the company of the girl to that of her strict old mistress. When Brunat learned that his girl was pleased by the attentions of the young man, he was very jealous and challenged his rival to a duel. In the combat, the student from Berne was killed. Horrified by what he had done, Brunat gave himself up, and after a trial he was condemned to death. His fiancée died of grief.

On the next Easter Monday the egg merchants set up their stalls in Montbenon. Games were organized on the green. The egg races were especially popular with the spectators. One player tried to gather up a certain number of eggs scattered on the turf and put them in a basket without breaking any before his opponent had covered a certain dis-

tance in a race. But all at once on this day in 1553, the fun was shattered. The sheriffs of Berne had chosen this day for the execution of Brunat, and the procession to the place of execution passed slowly toward Vidy through the horrified crowd.

A group of young butcher's apprentices, angry at the severity of the Bernese judges, sprang to the aid of Brunat. As the guard was unable to resist this attack, it was decided that if Brunat could make the distance to Vidy and back before a basket could be filled with a hundred unbroken eggs, he would be pardoned. Could he possibly make such a run? It would be a miracle. While Brunat seized his last chance, the eggs were being quickly gathered and piled up in the basket. The silent and anxious crowd gazed in the direction of Tivoli. Could he make it?

Thirteen eggs still lay on the green when, in a cloud of dust, Samuel Brunat appeared. He was saved! But, as the crowd gathered joyously around the young hero, he fell to the ground. His heart had not been able to stand so much strain.

In the cemetery of Montbenon, the butcher's apprentices buried their comrade. And ever since that day, the butcher boys of Lausanne organize each year a parade and an egg race in memory of Samuel Brunat.

—Translated from "Servir," Belgian Junior Red Cross magazine.

## Fair Haven

(A few years ago Lady Fairhaven gave Runnymede to England)

"Runnymede for England!"  
English barons said.  
Golden was the shadow,  
June was overhead,  
Silver shone the water,  
Silver shone the spears,  
While the rushes shuddered  
Like a tyrant's fears.  
John rode out from Windsor  
All in rich array,  
In the kingcup meadow  
Stood the king at bay.

Stern the faces round him,  
Vain his threat or plea,  
So he signed the Charter,  
So was England free.  
Runnymede for England!  
Says a voice today.  
"Sacred field of freedom  
Be thou green for aye,  
Free from brick and mortar,  
Free from booth or toll,  
Thou that wast the birthplace  
Of the English soul."

—Children's Newspaper, London



Her eyes were fixed on the tawny sail

## The Mistake of a Princess

Based on a Dutch Legend

ANNA MILO UPJOHN

Illustrations by Charles Dunn

**D**EREK stood on the shore waving his cap frantically.

The four finest ships of the town were sailing out of harbor with full sheets, the *Sea Hawk*, his father's boat, leading.

As the little fleet headed across the Zuyder Zee toward the lonely Island of Texel and beyond to the North Sea, it was followed by the cheers of the people of Stavoren, crowded to the water's edge to wish the four captains good luck.

Derek turned to look at the Princess, standing on the highest point of the shore, her woolen cloak wrapped around her, her hair hidden by a golden helmet, except at the back where it blew out like a cloud of unbleached hemp. Her eyes were fixed on the tawny sail of the *Sea Hawk* that flapped like a sheet of gold as it veered to windward. That was Swain's boat and he, Derek, was Swain's son, and proud of it!

Beside him stood his mother and his three younger brothers, all alight with the adventure of the *Sea Hawk* and straining their eyes for a last glimpse of the four brave ships. In that moment the long, cold months that must pass before the boats could dock again in Stavoren were forgotten.

This was no usual voyage.

The Princess was proud, courageous and ambitious. She wished to make her Province of Friesland rich and famous. Especially she wished to make the town of Stavoren a notable port like those in southern countries of which sea wanderers had told her—a port whose glory should spread abroad. With this in mind she had ordered four merchants of Stavoren to sail to other lands and to bring back the most valuable things they found there.

To each she gave a sum of money and the promise of a rich reward when they should return with their treasures.

It was early September when they set sail, and they were to be back in the following spring when fair winds began to blow again. Through that dark northern winter, while storms raked the waters of the Zuyder Zee into foaming windrows, and the forest howled and moaned down the wind, the people of Stavoren gathered around their hearth fires, trying to follow the course of this ship and that, guessing as to what each captain would bring back and as to how much he would be paid for his cargo.

None of the captains had said in which direction he was sailing. Would this one go



Swain opened the bag and held out a handful of grain

east to Russia, or west to the gold mines of Ireland? Would that one steer far south where the coast of Spain juts out into the fearsome ocean? Further than that, Derek found it hard to imagine their venturing, though he had heard that there were bright lands beyond where not a single white birch or fir tree was to be found, where no grass grew, and the sand was hot underfoot. There, men with dark skins and black flashing eyes ate strange fruits and fought with strange animals. And somewhere, incredibly far, a city called Constantinople rose out of the sea glowing with gold and ivory and marble; beautiful and powerful beyond belief. The city could not be conquered because it "Was guarded of God," but men went there to trade and, if possible, to plunder.

Derek hoped his father would go to Constantinople. He meant to go himself when he could man his own ship. So the winter passed in high hopes and hard work, and with the primroses came the first ship.

But it was not the *Sea Hawk*.

The captain had brought a cargo of silver from Spanish mines; of dried figs and grapes, and skins of Roman wines. The Princess was delighted. The captain was handsomely paid, the silver went into the treasury; the wine

and sweetmeats into the royal pantry to be kept for state banquets.

The second boat was not long in following. Her captain had gone to Russia, gathering amber as he went along the Baltic coast, and had brought back rich furs, mink and sable and ermine.

The Princess ran her hand over the soft pelts, hung a necklace of amber beads about her neck, and was well pleased. The merchant was paid and departed, a made man.

The third boat had gone to Constantinople, and its cargo convinced Stavoren that the reports which had seemed like fairy tales were indeed true. Here were silks with borders of gold and silver thread. Through them were woven pale patterns of horsemen and griffins and double-headed eagles on a purple ground. Here were jewelled girdles; armbands gleaming with precious stones; silver lamps; bowls of malachite, and platters of gold.

Derek's heart was stabbed with envy. Could Swain, his father, do better than this?

The Princess, trembling with excitement, dropped her woolen tunic embroidered with strong colors, and wrapped herself in silk. She threw away her leather belt studded with copper discs, and clasped a girdle of linked enamel about her waist. Here at last was raiment fit for queens! And what a treasure of platters and jewels!

"Now Stavoren shall have a treasure house, and be renowned among the cities of the world!" cried the Princess. So she knighted the captain and he departed rich and famous.

Everyone waited breathlessly for the *Sea Hawk*. A week later it came, battling through the storm across the heaving Zuyder Zee; its sail patched with a square of gray. Derek and his mother saw that it had met with heavy weather.

Yet Swain stood on deck, proud and confident.

"What have you brought? What have you brought?" cried the people thronging to the landing place in a tumult.

Swain said nothing until he stood in the presence of the Princess, holding a leather bag under his arm.

"It can contain nothing short of diamonds," thought the Princess.

Imagine her surprise when Swain opened the bag and held out a handful of grain.

"Look, great lady, I have brought you a shipload of wheat!"

"Wheat, wheat? What is wheat?" stammered the Princess.



"Bread is made from it if it is planted and harvested."

"You mean to tell me, Swain, that you have gone on a long voyage and have wasted my money on a cargo of seeds? The other captains have brought me silks and furs, jewels and dishes of gold and silver."

"Only rich people can wear silks and furs. Can you chew gold and silver? Jewels must be kept under lock and key, and do not increase. But wheat grows. It is of use to every man. If we raise wheat in Friesland, all the dwellers around the Zuyder Zee will buy from us. They will exchange their cheese and tallow for our wool. That way both we and they shall profit."

"What? Am I to boost the trade of the rest of the world?" cried the Princess, red with anger. "Now go your ways, captain of the *Sea Hawk*, and never again seek to land in Stavoren. For your insolence, your precious cargo of seeds shall be dumped into the harbor."

So Swain went out from the palace, not only a ruined man, but an exile. The *Sea Hawk* was drawn up on the beach, a crippled boat, for the servants of the Princess had opened a hole in the hull, the more easily to let the wheat run into the water.

All that Swain had left was the bag of grain he had taken to show the Princess.

In those days there was nothing for an outlaw to do but to join a band of sea-robbers. Having no boat, poor Swain was forced to

make his way through the forest to the north coast where he was sure to find a group of Jutes, who spent their lives plundering the British Isles. He took nothing with him except a dagger made of an unknown metal, so sharp that it could have cut through the silken robes of the Princess.

But before Swain left, he took Derek down to the shore, and there with his thumb he traced in the sand the *Sea Hawk's* route, all the way down from the North Sea to the little door between Spain and Africa that leads from the vast Atlantic into the great middle sea that we call the Mediterranean; then on past Sicily, Italy and Greece; from there northward through the Aegean as thickly studded with islands as a bag-pudding with plums, to Constantinople.

With a beating heart, Swain had anchored in the Golden Horn. He had walked the streets of the most glorious city in the world and had seen its treasures spread before him in the market places. Most of all he had wondered at the bakers' shops where rich and poor came to buy bread. Here was a food cheaper than meat and ale, which, if grown at home, would be within the reach of every man. So following the directions of the grain merchants, Swain had set sail once more, sure that wheat would be of more value to his country than all the gold of Constantinople. The *Sea Hawk* passed through the narrow hallway between Europe and Asia, known as the Bosphorus, and slipped into the mysterious Black Sea, on the northern shores of which grew wheat such as Swain had brought to the Princess of Stavoren.

Swain was sure he had been right and some day Derek must find his way to the steppes of south Russia and bring back wheat to the West.

Derek swore that not even the ignorance of the Princess should stop him. Then Swain slipped away in the night, sad and lonely and fearing never again to see his family.

But Karen, his wife, felt sure that Swain would one day lead a Viking raid on Stavoren and carry off all the treasures that the other captains had brought home. Meanwhile, Derek was forming a plan to sail to the Black Sea, bring back more wheat, and show the world that his father had been right and the Princess wrong. That could not be done in a day. First the *Sea Hawk* had to be



"Home at last!"

repaired. Through the summer Derek worked on it patiently, helped by friends not afraid to show that they sided with Swain.

Swain's family was among the best in Stavoren. Their house was built of well-fitted logs, and had a carved door and lintel. They had always had plenty of mutton and ale, fish and barley and honey. Their clothes were woven by Karen from the wool of their own sheep. Besides stone axes and knives they owned a bronze bowl and an axe of iron, a rare and important metal which Swain had told them some peoples used entirely instead of stone tools.

In the autumn Karen sold the house and its furnishings, and the family boarded the *Sea Hawk* with five sheep and such belongings as they could carry in the hold. Along went the bag of grain Swain had brought from the Black Sea. It was just a year since the four captains had started on their treasure hunt.

As Derek ran up his sail he noticed that the floor of the harbor was thickly grown with long grass that swayed with the current.

"There is father's wheat field," he cried.

Karen wept because there was no one to gather the harvest; but Derek felt strong because he had seen wheat growing.

He had decided that the lonely Island of Texel would be a good place for sheep raising. There were no forests to harbor wolves or foxes. The coarse salty grass made excellent food, and the sand dunes provided shelter from the wind. It might not do so well for wheat, but at least it was flat and treeless, and Derek realized that if he defied the Princess by planting wheat in Friesland he in turn would be chased from the land.

So Derek staked out a sheep farm on Texel and planted the grain from the leather bag.

When the crop was showing green, passing ships brought strange rumors from Stavoren. Scarcely had Swain's family left their old home, when the winter storms tore in from the West, driving the shallow water before them. With the waves went the sand, the mud, and the broken shells from the bottom of the sea, drifting, flinging, pounding into Stavoren harbor. There the stubble of Swain's harvest caught and held them. All winter, slowly and soundlessly the storms and the sea had built a solid sand bar across the harbor. And now with spring, not a boat could enter or leave Stavoren by way of the old harbor. Merchants and fishermen, finding no anchorage, sailed away to other ports. Trading had ceased; Stavoren was dead; and the people in

a fury had risen in revolt against the Princess and had driven her from the town.

When Derek had harvested his little patch of wheat he and his mother ground it in a stone mortar and Karen baked it in four great loaves.

Then Derek killed a sheep, roasted it on a spit and called in the chieftains of the region to a feast.

"This is food fit for kings!" cried the guests, breaking the brown loaves fresh from the coals.

"Not only for kings but for every man," answered Derek, and laid before them his plan to bring grain and iron from countries richer than Friesland.

"It will need a power of bold men to help you carry off the plunder," said the chieftains, "and is it worth it when you might bring gold and silver instead?"

Derek explained that he did not intend to win his cargoes by plunder, but by barter.

"And what have you to barter, daft lad?"

"Sheepskins. Sheepskins and tallow. My father, the brave Swain, has told me that there are men in these countries who spend their lives writing their thoughts and the deeds of heroes and gods, in strange runes, on sheepskin. And where there are no pine knots, reeds dipped in tallow make good torches."

It was long before Derek convinced the Friesian chiefs that trade was better than plunder, but they ordered iron spearheads in abundance, and Derek sold his grain on the coasts of Gaul and Britain. In time he became a great merchant, and was joined by some of his old friends who had left Stavoren after its ruin. They made a stout crew, defending themselves against enemies, but trading peaceably in every port they entered.

One summer as they were coasting along the shore of France, they were overtaken by pirates, in a fog. Seeing at once that the *Sea Hawk* was no match for the great Viking ship with its sixteen oarsmen, Derek decided to run into an inlet, hoping that the larger ship could not follow. But the pirates bore down upon him, their sail with the red raven darkening the sky.

Suddenly the leader threw up his arms and with a great shout sprang into the sea. A few strokes brought him to the side of the *Sea Hawk*. "Derek, son of Swain!" he gasped; for it was Swain and he had recognized the boat he himself had built and sailed on many seas.

In the fight that followed, the sea-robbers ran onto a reef and were sunk, but not before

Swain had been mortally wounded by a flung spear. As he lay on deck he stroked the weatherbeaten planks, whispering "Home at last!"

So Derek buried Swain on the Island of Texel, in his boat the *Sea Hawk*, and raised a great mound of stones over the spot, that could be seen for miles out at sea.

And now, after more than a thousand years, if you enter the Zuyder Zee from the north, in passing Texel you may see flocks of sheep resting like snow-drifts among the sand dunes, for the island where Derek staked his

farm, proved to be rare sheep-raising country.

And what about Stavoren? Ah, well, it is only a poor landing on the way to more important places. But the women of Friesland still wear golden helmets like that of the Princess in olden days, and the story goes that if you push out in a boat on a day when the pale gray floor of the Zuyder Zee is flat and quiet, you may hear the drifting sound of bells pealing under water, and peering down, discern the walls and towers of an old town beneath the waves.

## Swallows of San Juan Capistrano



NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM OF NEW YORK

**T**HIS year is a leap year. Will the swallows come back to their nesting place at the old mission of San Juan Capistrano in California on March 19 as usual?

Year after year the swallows, heading south, have left the Mission on St. John's Day, October 23, and year after year, St. Joseph's Day, March 19, has seen them coming back from the south, though no one knows where they have spent the winter months. Other leap years have not upset their homecoming date. Usually a few "scouts" come a day or two ahead of the day and then go back to lead

the great flock to the eaves and patios of the old mission. The time of arrival varies from before sunrise to sunset, but always they come during the twenty-four hours of St. Joseph's Day.

As soon as they get back, the swallows begin repairing their old nests or building new ones. Attendants at the Mission provide mud for the purpose from the old cemetery. Soon after the young birds are hatched, the older birds begin their flying lessons which usually start from the walls of the old stone church. Sometimes the young ones fall from the nest or the stone walls and are hurt. They are taken to Señora Reys Yorba who has a "hospital" for birds near the Mission gate, and she mends their injuries and nurses them back to health. She sometimes has as many as eight or ten baby swallows getting treatment. She feeds them hamburger and lettuce and gives them plenty of water. The tiny ones are fed with a medicine dropper.

Ramón Yorba, the old Indian who for four-score years has lived near the Mission, tells a legend of the swallows which was handed down to him by his mother. According to this, when the birds arrived on St. Joseph's Day one hundred and sixty-odd years ago, they went first to a little inn near the mission, but the innkeeper drove them away and destroyed their nests. Then they turned to the mission where they were welcomed and have made their summer home ever since.

Sailors have told of picking up exhausted swallows on the decks of vessels far out in the Pacific and according to another legend the birds spend the winter in the Holy Land. But ornithologists believe that they fly to the jungles of Central and South America.



# Trouble On

MARGARET LORING THOMAS

"CENTRAL doesn't answer. Trouble on the line again!" Tall Peter Drake, who looked older than his fourteen years, turned away from the telephone in disgust.

"Did you want anything important?" asked his mother, wearily, from the depths of her armchair in front of the open fire. "I'm sure it's a great relief to me to be away from the noisy city, and not to hear the telephone ringing all the time." Mrs. Drake spoke slowly without raising her eyes from her reading.

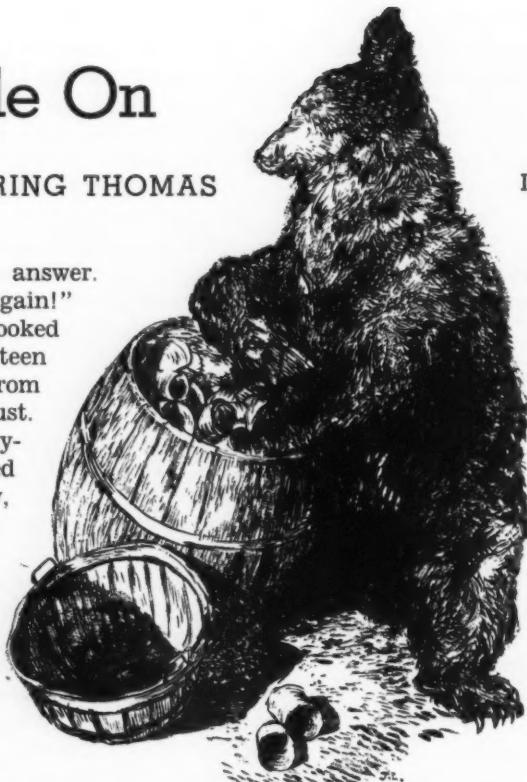
"Just wanted to ask Jim if he thought there was a chance of any skating today. No snow. No ice. Might as well have spent the vacation in the city, and had skating in the rink and skiing on borax." Peter picked up the gayest of the pile of magazines on the table and settled himself opposite his mother, stretching his long legs toward the fire.

"I hear someone rattling at the door. Go and see who it is, Peter," said his mother, turning the page of her book.

Peter strode through the long, dimly-lighted hallway, and opened the doorway leading on to the side piazza. No one was in sight, so he walked to the latticed-end of the piazza toward the back of the house. Peering through the openings, he saw a rusty-black, clumsy bear with his head poked in a barrel, pawing over the empty tin cans, hungrily sticking his inquisitive nose into them.

Suddenly, with a quick jerk of his thick neck, the bear raised his head as if he had caught a new smell, and knew that a human being was near. Dropping the can he was licking, he gave a long sniff and loped away over the lawn.

Mrs. Drake appeared, shivering, just in time



Suddenly, with a quick jerk, he raised his head

# The Line

Illustrations by Jacob Landau

to see the disappointed bear lumbering away. "He was probably trying to find something sweet in the tin cans. Bears like honey and sweet sirup better than anything else," she remarked.

The telephone rang. Peter's answers to the unseen speaker were a series of "Okays." "Central called to say that the line was in order now," he announced. "A reward of twenty-five dollars is offered for the arrest and conviction of the person or persons found

breaking the wires. I'm going to find the culprit and get the reward myself."

He rang up Jim, but no one answered. "Bet Jim is out trying to find who cut the wires and get the reward himself," mumbled Peter, scrambling into his leather jacket. "May be gone all day," he called to his mother. He went out and headed for the telephone poles on the edge of the dark woods.

He reached the poles in about ten minutes, and stopped. Which way should he turn? If he went toward the village, he might meet someone who had started from there and had already searched that part of the road. He turned toward the woods, examining every telephone pole he passed, but always the long copper wires were firmly attached to the glass insulators on the cross bars and were humming over his head. After following the line for almost an hour, the sight of a great black bundle at the foot of the third pole ahead of him brought him to a standstill.

"That must be the robber's loot," he thought. Then he remembered that Central had told him nothing had ever been stolen; only wires were torn down.



The great black bundle began to move. It was a bear! Bewildered, Peter stood spellbound. Slowly and deliberately, the clumsy bear began to climb the pole. He pulled his heavy weight to the top, then began to claw at the wires and broke them from the insulators. The humming of the wires stopped. After listening intently for a few seconds, the bear lost interest in the quiet wires and let himself down the pole, backwards. Then he trotted to the next pole, and listened.

Peter followed cautiously, watching the bear go from pole to pole. At each pole the bear stopped and listened.

"I must work this out," Peter said to himself. "The bear listens. The bear wants something."

Snow began to fall. Peter, pulling his jacket closer around his neck, followed the bear, keeping as far behind as he could. Finally he turned and walked backwards for a few steps to keep the stinging wind off his face. There was Jim coming through the storm!

Peter hurried to meet him, saying, "I know who pulls down the wires. It's a bear! I saw a bear go up the pole and break some of the wires. What do you suppose he did that for?"

"I'd like to see him do it," said Jim, with a tone of doubt in his voice. "I've seen bears climb trees. But telephone poles, I don't know about that."

The boys pushed their way on to the next pole. "He's been here, all right," said Jim. "I see bears' tracks in the snow, but I'd like to see him go up the pole. It's no use for us to go any further now, Peter. The snow's falling so fast we can't see from one pole to the next."

"We've got a clue anyway," said Peter, as they turned back.

"It's a bear, I know, but why does he break the wires?"

Early the next morning when Peter and Jim were out following the poles into the woods, they found the linemen mending the wires.

"It was a bear. I saw him break the wires," insisted Peter to the unbelieving linemen, who laughed at his story.

"You're from the city. I'll believe it when I see it," was one lineman's parting remark.

"Even a city boy ought to know a bear. I saw his tracks, too," defended Jim, calling after the men.

Again the wires began to hum above their heads as the boys followed the poles through the woods.

"Look," whispered Peter, pointing down the hill at a bear listening at the foot of a pole.

The boys stopped, not daring to move. In a second, the bear began to climb the pole, and as soon as he reached the wires, beat madly at them. Then he came down the pole and loped away out of sight.

"You win, Peter," said Jim, slapping him on the back.

"Yes, but what I want to know is why bears climb telephone poles. They . . . like honey," Peter seemed to be thinking out loud. "Do you suppose that bears expect to get honey up the poles?"

"Sure! That's it; they think that they hear bees when the wires are humming," exclaimed Jim. "Bears go up the poles after honey. Now we've got it. You win the prize all right, Peter. Let's go to the telephone office now and tell them."

"You've got to have half of it, Jim, because I never would have known that bears might think buzzing wires were bees."



He loped away out of sight

# American Junior Red Cross NEWS

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## American Junior Red Cross

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LIVINGSTON L. BLAIR.....	Assistant National Director
ELLEN MCBRYDE BROWN.....	Editor

We believe in service for others, in health of mind and body to fit us for better service, and in world-wide friendship. For this reason, we are joining the American Junior Red Cross. We will help to make its work successful in our school and community, and will work together with Juniors everywhere in our own and other lands.

## Remember the National Children's Fund

CONTRIBUTING to the National Children's Fund is one way of practicing your belief in "world-wide friendship" and keeping your promise, as members of the American Junior Red Cross, "to work with Juniors everywhere in our own and other lands." Money already in the Fund made it possible for American Juniors to send boxes of Christmas gifts to children caught in the horrors of the European war. More money, much more, should go into the Fund if you are to do your part for these children, especially the children of Finland, whose need is now the greatest. The Fund, which did so much for children who were victims of the World War, should carry on its fine tradition of helpfulness now.

At the Annual Convention of the American National Red Cross, which will be held in Washington from May 6th to 8th, delegates

chosen from the high school membership to represent the whole American Junior Red Cross will have their own special meetings and discussions. At one of these meetings your representatives will present checks to the National Children's Fund from Junior groups all over the country. Get ready to put in your contribution.

## The Calendar Picture

CAIRO, the capital of Egypt and the largest city on the continent of Africa, has a long history. Some twenty-five hundred years ago it was headquarters for legions of Rome, which had taken the land away from the Persians. In the twelfth century it was ruled over by the Sultan Saladin, who gave Richard Coeur de Lion and the other Crusaders so much trouble. The Turks held it for more than two centuries and then it was occupied by the French for two years before the British and Turkish forces took it over at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Mohammed Ali is a great Egyptian hero because he set up an independent kingdom in Egypt in 1811. One of the landmarks of Cairo is the magnificent mosque of alabaster which he had built. Five times every day the Mohammedan call to prayer still floats down over the city from its minaret.

The country is now an independent kingdom and young King Farouk lives in Cairo with beautiful Queen Farida. Their little daughter is named Ferial, which means "light" in Turkish.

Goods from all Egypt and much of the rest of Africa pass through Cairo's busy streets. There are shipments of cotton, grain, ivory, tobacco and sugar. Lots of onions go out from here and thousands of dozens of eggs. The poultry business is an old one in Egypt, which used incubators long before they were adopted in Europe.

## For Junior Red Cross Sponsors

DURING the Annual Convention in Washington, May 6th to 8th, there will be two round table sessions for Junior Red Cross sponsors and chairmen. The discussions are planned to help those new to the work as well as those who have been leading Junior Red Cross groups for some time and have problems they wish to present to members of the National Headquarters staff of the American Junior Red Cross.

## Junior



HARRISON SCHOOL, ST. LOUIS

### Waken, Children

Waken, children, wake and  
sing;  
Winter storms have flown  
away.  
April buds and flowers bring  
Gladness in their sweet  
bouquet.  
"Joy to all the world!" they  
say,  
"Spring has come with Easter  
day!"

*Fort Wayne, Indiana.\**

### The Robin

Little Robin Redbreast,  
You lucky little thing!  
All you have to do  
Is sing, sing, sing.

In the spring you make  
A nest or two,  
While I have to dry the  
dishes  
The whole day through.

*LaCrosse, Wisconsin.*

### I'd Be a Sailor

When I am grown  
I'd like to be  
A sailor—  
Not on the sea  
But in the sky;

When I am grown  
I'd like to sail  
My airship—  
Beyond the clouds  
That float on high.

*Grand Rapids, Michigan.*

### Warmth to your heart

Warmth to your heart  
And cheer to your way,  
That's the kind of an Easter  
I wish you today!

*Syracuse, N. Y.\**

## Poets

### Spring Birds

In spring every one is busy.  
The farmer is planting his  
grain.  
The mother bird is building  
her nest.  
I would get dizzy  
To be so busy  
Making trips to get the straw.

*Hibbing, Minnesota.*

### Unity

First  
I'm on my horse,  
We move,  
Galloping, galloping  
Together we move.  
Now  
I'm part of my horse.

*From "The Colored Land,"  
a book by Navajo chil-  
dren, edited by Rose K.  
Brandt, Charles Scrib-  
ner's Sons.*

### Puppets

A puppet is a funny thing;  
Just a doll hung on a string,  
Some scraps of cloth, a bit of hair,  
A block of wood,—paint here and there—  
And then some strings attached just so,  
That's what it takes to make them go.  
You wouldn't think it was much fun  
To see these things sit down or run,  
And yet it takes a lot of skill

To make each one obey your will;  
On some high platform you may stand  
And make the music for the band;  
You make the puppet bow and walk,  
Do a dance or sit and talk;  
Each little puppet in its place  
All dressed up in gold and lace;  
It's hard to say just where they'll go—  
But there's lots of fun at a puppet show.

*Omaha, Nebraska.*

\* These verses were written by Juniors and used on brailled Easter cards.

# Something To Read

## The Microbe Man; A Life of Pasteur

ELEANOR DOORLY

D. Appleton-Century; \$1.50 (Ages 9 to 14)

IF YOU go to Bollène, in the Rhone country in France, you will see a statue of Louis Pasteur with a pig beautifully sculptured. With a gay, triumphant expression, and one ear cheekily cocked, the pig is telling you quite plainly that Pasteur visited his friends when they were sick, and made it all right for pigs.

Pasteur helped many creatures besides pigs, with his marvelous discoveries about microbes, but he began in a very small way with sick wines. The wines turned sour and bad, and no one knew why. When Pasteur found that tiny growths called bacteria, which could only be seen through a microscope, were always in the bad wines, he decided that the bacteria spoiled the wine. But it was a bold piece of imagination to suggest that the same things that made wines sick could make animals and people sick. Nobody would believe him. Yet Pasteur went ahead and proved what he said.

The bravest thing he ever did was to cure little Joseph Meister, who was bitten by a mad dog. Pasteur had learned to cure dogs of the madness, but in order to do it he had to give them small doses of the thing that made them sick. And he didn't have any idea whether this treatment would cure people as it did dogs. He was no doctor. But finally he decided that, since Joseph would die if he did nothing, he must try and see what he could do. As it turned out, Joseph was cured, and so a great discovery was made.

You can imagine that Pasteur worked hard for many long hours, in order to prove the many wonderful discoveries he made. His family were constantly having to make him stop working for the sake of his health. Once he said, "Science has no country, because knowledge is the heritage of humanity, the

flame that lights the world. Science should be the highest personification of the nation, because, among all nations, that one will always be first who leads in the works of thought and mind."

It may surprise you to know that this great scientist planned at first to be an artist. He loved to paint, as did his interesting father.

Pasteur was always the most modest man in the world. Once, at an international gathering in London, he was about to take a seat in the body of the hall when a steward came to invite him up to the platform with the greatest. As he approached, applause and hurrahs broke out. "Oh," he said to his son-in-law, in some distress, "I should have come earlier, the Prince of Wales must be arriving."

"But it is for you everybody is cheering," said the President, "not for the Prince."

## Trudi and Hansel

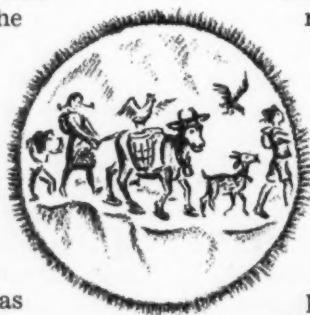
AVERIL DEMUTH

John C. Winston; \$2.00 (Ages 6 to 8)

TRUDI and Hansel lived with their father and mother and their big sister Elizabeth in a white house with a wooden balcony. It was in the mountains in Austria. Downstairs lived Lotti, who was a very special cow.

Gambo the goat had a little house next to Lotti's, and Griselda the hen lived in the same house with Gambo. Griselda had an old dictionary that had once belonged to Elizabeth. She liked to get it out and read it on Sundays, because she enjoyed long words. They all knew about White Riese, the giant, whose castle was on the highest peak of the mountains. People seldom climbed that high. "White Riese isn't very friendly," they said. But after Elizabeth got mixed up with the giant's affairs, the children decided to find White Riese. Hansel had always wanted to be a mountaineer, anyway.

What happened on the way is the best part of the story.—C. E. W.





# Correspondence from Abroad

From: Collegio Santa  
Giovanna d'Arco in  
Seregno (Milan),  
Italy

To: Warren Glen  
School, Milford,  
New Jersey

**W**E, THE pupils in the upper elementary grades of St. Joan of Arc Elementary School, send you this album in exchange for one received last year from your school. We are all members of the Junior Red Cross; consequently we are your friends in the same ideals of good. All the Italian children give a small sum to the Central Committee of the Red Cross in Rome in order to provide medical visits, help, and visits to the seashore and to the mountains for poor children.

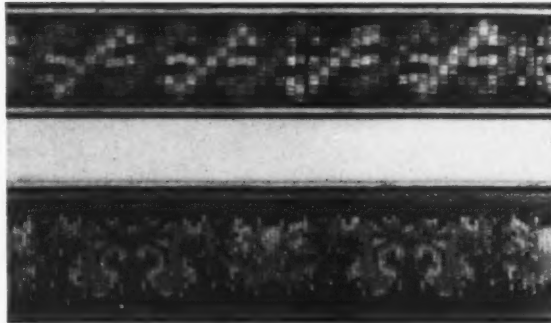
Please excuse us for having delayed our album. We wished to make it as good as possible to show you what our diligent people have done for the greatness of our country.

Our country is Italy, the Garden of Europe, bordered by the Alps, watered by many seas. It has many beautiful ports and large cities. Its capital is Rome, mother of world civilization.

Our government is a constitutional monarchy.

Our King-Emperor is very good. He is called the king thrice victorious, because he was successful in the Libyan war in 1911, the World War in 1918 and the Ethiopian War in 1936. Our Queen is Helena of Montenegro. She is good and handsome and affectionate with all children. She is mother of four princesses and one prince, the Crown Prince Humbert of Savoy. Humbert of Savoy is thirty-five years old. He is already father of two children, a daughter with bright eyes, and little Prince Victor, blonde like his mother, Princess Mary of Belgium. Rosalbina Mezza saw them in their perambulator when she was in Naples with her family.

The chief of the Italian government is Benito Mussolini. He has been our "Duce," or leader, since October 28, 1922. He gathered the



These patterns, in the same size, are inlaid in wood by clever craftsmen of Seregno, Italy

Italians into "Fasci" groups, of former soldiers, to make them stronger. He has brought prosperity to Italy. He wants Italian children to grow good, industrious and strong. We like him and we are proud to have such a great leader.

Our region of Lombardy is one of the twenty regions of Italy. It is bounded on the west by the Ticino River which forms Lake Maggiore. To the east is the Mincio which makes Lake Garda, to the north are the Alps which divide it from Switzerland. To the south is the Po River, the longest river of Italy. Lombardy includes all the big Alpine lakes. Their banks are full of flowers and the climate is very mild. There are woods of lemon trees on the banks of Garda. It is a big lake which makes us think of the sea. The Fascist government is digging a canal which will connect the Mincio at the end of the lake with the Adriatic Sea. Lake Iseo is adorned by oleanders which put spots of light in the dark verdure of the surrounding mountains. The banks of Lake Maggiore and Como Lake are all adorned with azaleas and camellias. Around those lakes there are delightful little towns where many foreigners come at every season of the year.

Our college also has a beautiful villa on the bank of Lake Como. As soon as the school is closed several of us go there for several weeks' holiday.

Seregno is in the province of Milan. Milan is the second city of Italy in population. It has 1,090,600 inhabitants. It is the capital of the chief industrial region of our kingdom. It is a world market for silk. It has big establishments where they produce iron, glass, paper and soap and it has important chemical and drug laboratories. Its monumental station is the second in Europe for size and beauty. Its cathedral is one of the great wonders of the world. It is all in white marble with 135 small spires each surmounted by a



A milkman on the streets of Buenos Aires

statue. There are three thousand statues, a real marble people, with a golden statue of the Madonna overlooking them all.

The big theater, "Scala," is the most famous theater of Italy. There is also the Royal Palace, the Gallery and the Monumental Cemetery. There is an important food industry, producing the "Panettoni Motta" (a kind of cakes) which are sent also to America and to Africa. Our town of Seregno has about twenty-two thousand inhabitants. It is in the center of the Brianza hills which surround it.

There are many towns like ours which are industrial. The wooden furniture made here is sold throughout the world. In Seregno there are more than twenty workshops and factories turning out soap, carpets, hosiery, cotton goods, silk materials and bells.

Rosalbina Mezza's father has a lumber factory. He buys logs everywhere in the world. He puts the trunks and logs in great caldrons in the end of his big yard. The workers make very thin sheets from them with wonderful machines. With these sheets one covers pieces of furniture.

The inlays photographed are made of many little pieces of wood of various colors, made by hand with great patience by clever workmen as ornaments for pieces of furniture or frames for paintings.

The Duce wants Italy to do all it can by itself. As we have no cotton, we use as raw material cellulose which we draw from a special kind of reed widely cultivated in Italy. In 1936, in Cesano Maderno, five kilometers from Seregno, the first factory for the experi-

ments was built. Today there are many factories throughout Italy for the production of "viscosa" fibers for weaving. They also are used to make paper.

Since 1935, the establishment of Cesano Maderno has produced "lanital." This is a wool made from milk. It is made into fabrics for clothing and makes a warm, soft wool.

From: Escuela Valentín  
Alsina No. 6, Chile 1668,  
Buenos Aires, Argentina

To: Emerson School, Great  
Falls, Montana

WE HAVE received your beautiful album. We examined very closely the pictures of the children of the grade with their teacher.

What lovely vacation places you have! We live in the capital of Argentina and when we go for walks we have splendid roads leading out into the country, but as the mountain regions are from seven hundred to eight hundred kilometers from Buenos Aires, we can go there only in summer.

This year we finish primary school, which consists of seven grades. Many of us will continue with advanced studies, but others of us must go to work.

We congratulate you on your drawings. Yellowstone Park must be grand. They are planning a great national park here in the lakes district south of the Andes Mountains.

We have prepared this historical album for you so that you may learn of our national heroes and their lives.

We have read Dorothy Sanger's nice letter in which she tells us what happened on her trip to the mountains. Our teacher had already explained the curious things which occur at high altitudes; particularly the difficulty in breathing, which is due to the change in atmosphere.

From the photographs we think you must have much fun, particularly as you do so much physical exercise and spend so much time out of doors. We take no exercise except that which is on our regular schedule; we are more absorbed in the intellectual side of life, and also have special classes in sewing, drawing and music.

# School Correspondence Can Help

**J**UNIOR Red Cross members have a way to help children in the warring countries that is open to very few others. It is through international school correspondence. In all the war-shadowed countries there is a big effort to have the lives of the children go along as smoothly and as much as usual as possible. This will save them some of the awful shock of war. Letters, messages, school correspondence albums will help to take their minds off their trouble and to make them know that they have friends who are thinking about them.

Just lately the Junior Red Cross of the Albany, New York, High School got this message from the British Junior Red Cross:

"We have received the delightful Christmas cards which pupils of the Albany High School have been so kind as to send for evacuated children here. We are distributing them and I am sure this kind action on the part of American young people will be much appreciated."

For that matter, did you know that Junior Red Cross international school correspondence started some twenty years ago as the result of small gifts and cards sent at Christmas time by children in America to children who were refugees away up in Archangel during the revolutionary troubles in Russia? When the children in Archangel sent back letters of thanks some of the American Junior Red Cross leaders saw a chance to start something really big in the building of international friendship. And so they worked out the plan for exchanges of correspondence among schools, which is now going on in all the six continents of the earth. The chance to engage in such correspondence is one of the privileges that comes with enrollment in the Junior Red Cross anywhere in the world.

The League of Red Cross Societies writes that "it is more important than ever that the channels of communication between Junior Red Cross members throughout the world should be kept open, so that there may be no risk of losing that sense of fellowship with boys and girls in other countries which has been built up during the last years." In order to reduce expenses, schools are advised to

keep their consignments small in size and weight and not send any dolls or heavy, bulky articles.

Try to make your albums more lively and interesting than ever. And don't be impatient about getting answers. Think of your correspondence as help for which you should not expect any return. This letter came not long ago from Miss Lucie Pierrard, who has for years done so much as head of the French Junior Red Cross:

"I received from the League of the Red Cross Societies the report of the answers due from France. We shall do our best to get replies from the French schools, but we would be grateful if you could let the American Juniors know that the present conditions in school life in France will very likely prevent the making of many albums.

"Several of the schools mentioned on your list have reopened only a few days ago and only for half of the day. Others have not yet reopened. That is the case for many schools in Paris or near Paris.

"In other places, refugee children are filling the small village schools and the teachers are so overworked they can hardly do what is required of them. In many others the men teachers are now soldiers, very young girls have taken their place and all they can do is to manage the children. They know nothing of the Junior Red Cross.

"And, then, every child in France is busy doing something for soldiers, for wounded men, for babies. The little girls, even those six or seven years of age, are knitting, knitting hard. Boys are preparing the 'parcels' for soldiers, doing errands and going from door to door to ask help, in order to buy wool or linen, etc. It will take time before life is re-adjusted to good conditions.

"I would appreciate it if you could make your children realize our difficulties.

"But French Juniors are, nevertheless, very anxious to get letters and portfolios from America. Even if they can not expect a prompt answer from France, ask them to write often. It is not from the lack of interest that French Juniors will be long in answering."



## News Round About

**M**R. ERNEST J. SWIFT, one of the American Red Cross delegation who went abroad in October, has just come home with reports which make all the more real and terrible the suffering in countries at war and in those taking care of refugees. The hard winter makes the lack of warm clothing especially tragic. To give just one example, a thousand evacuated Finnish children are reported as being absolutely destitute.

But Red Cross members, senior and junior, are continuing to make garments and hospital supplies, and shipments are being sent abroad in rapid succession. First reports show that approximately a quarter of a million garments have been made, and more than a million surgical dressings. Mr. Swift says that food supplies seem to be sufficient and because of the advice of experts on health matters, there is not as much danger from disease and epidemics as might be expected. The American Red Cross is sending drugs, of course, along with clothing and other medical supplies. Recently quantities of drugs which can not be bought anywhere but in the United States were sent to Finland, including 266,000 tablets of sulfapyridine for the treatment of pneumonia. It is expected that sulfanilamide tablets will be sent next, to treat cases of infection.

In spite of the heavy demands made upon it for war relief, the American Red Cross lends a helping hand wherever disaster strikes. Money has been sent for the relief of victims

of the fire in Venezuela and the earthquakes in Chile and Turkey. In fact, in addition to a grant of \$10,000 sent to the Turkish Red Crescent, your Red Cross provided an American doctor and two American Red Cross nurses to work in places where they were most needed. More than 30,000 lives were lost in the Turkish disaster, and sub-zero temperatures added to the suffering.

**JUNIOR** Red Cross members of the Calignee South State School at Victoria, Australia, gave a dramatic account of the bush fires which caused great destruction. This letter was included in an album to the Wayside School at Merna, Nebraska:

"It was Friday, January thirteenth, and what a day—the temperature was 114 degrees and it seemed as if there was not a breath of air. Soon a gale sprang up, and it was not long before we were in absolute darkness, because of the smoke. This was about three o'clock in the afternoon. We looked towards the hill and saw flames, which grew bigger and bigger. All the women went out of their homes to safety, while men tried to save what they could at the risk of their lives. The fire was coming closer to us now, as it was leaping from tree to tree. We gathered a few belongings and went into our neighbor's ploughed paddock, where we would not be burned. The night came and we could see the sparks going overhead. The dry stumps were burning like chimneys. We thought our house must be

burned by now. The smoke was so dense we could not see at all, and we did not know if my father and brothers were safe or not. When morning came, we went over to the house, and to our surprise it was not burned, although the tank stand had been burned. There were six houses, as well as the school,



**Knitting mufflers in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, for war refugees**



burned to the ground. It has taken some time to re-erect the fences and our sheds which were burned, but we were lucky to save our house and ourselves.

"We only see a few bush animals now, because the fire burned them all."

Of course the Red Cross of Victoria was on hand to help the fire victims, and Junior Red Cross members had a part, too, giving personal service as well as gifts of money and supplies.

MEMBERS of the fourth grade in the Nott Terrace Elementary School of Schenectady, New York, presented a pink eiderdown quilt to the chapter for "some refugee baby." They raised the money for it by selling candy.

ONCE again at Easter, children in schools for the blind will receive brailled greeting cards covered by Junior Red Cross members, and this year, for the first time, the verses themselves were composed by the J. R. C. You will see two of the rhymes on page 15.

Members of the Side Hill School at Spafford, New York, made cover designs which blind children could feel. On one card, pussywillow stems were drawn, and the real pussywillow buds pasted alongside. Flower designs outlined in colored beads were used on other covers. Similar ideas were worked out by many other groups, and to Evansville, Indiana, Juniors this letter came from the school for the blind at Louisville:

"We second-grade children at the Kentucky School for the Blind want to thank you for the lovely Easter greetings. They were so pretty. One of the things we liked so much was that each one of us could tell what objects were on the cover. We could trace the long ears of the rabbits with our fingers. Every greeting had such a lovely Easter message to us.

"We hope you had a happy Easter. Our school had an egg hunt. A great huge bunny that really hopped came to see us. Our grade made Easter baskets. We wove them out of purple and yellow strips of paper. It was lots of fun."

A young patient at St. Margaret's Hospital in Kansas City, Kansas, wrote to members of



Kindergarten Juniors of Louisville, Kentucky, sent this picture of their "railroad station" in an album to Japan

the J. R. C. in Graham County Chapter, Hill City, Kansas:

"I hope that you and all the children are spending as happy an Easter as we are. I want to thank you in the name of all the patients for the pretty favors and Easter bunnies you sent to us; we enjoy them so much. You should see us all dressed up in those nice Easter hats. It is fun!

"Our East porch is all decorated with Easter baskets, bunnies, chickens and ducks; real Easter eggs, chocolate and candy eggs; and chocolate and candy animals of which we may eat as much as we want. It is a real feast day. Quite a number of children went home last week, but they don't know what they miss. Maybe some time when you come to Kansas City you will stop in at the hospital to see what a good time we have."

CARLISLE School, Lowell, Massachusetts, made a doll house from orange crates, complete in every detail, even to the wallpaper, rugs on the floor and curtains at the windows. In sending a letter with the house to the Convalescent Home of the Children's Hospital in Wellesley Hills, Carlisle Juniors said, "Every one of us did something. We hope you will enjoy playing with it as much as we enjoyed making it." And the young patients replied, "We have had a lot of fun playing with the doll house and we think you did a very good job."



Junior members of Trstena-Orava, in the former Czechoslovakia, cleaning their school grounds

A similar doll house was made by Juniors of Tupelo, Mississippi, for a child whose back had been broken in a tornado which struck the town. This house was also built of orange crates tacked together, roofed in green, with a portico in front. The four rooms were completely furnished with things the children made themselves. The front window had a miniature Red Cross flag on it. Around the house stood tiny urns (cold cream jars) containing potted plants.

Country Day School members of Greenwich, Connecticut, renovated the doll house used in the children's ward at Greenwich Hospital. North Mianus School in the same town made fresh clothing for some of the dolls in the play closet at the hospital.

BESIDES "adopting" a group of men at the government hospital in Dayton, Ohio, members of Knox County, Indiana, gave a variety of services to their local hospital. A room was furnished in the Hillcrest Hospital for tubercular cases. The Good Samaritan Hospital was remembered with flowers at different times, and Juniors also went there to sing for patients. Quilts for the children's ward of neighboring hospitals were made.

To raise money for these projects candy, cookie, paper and rummage sales were held, and a benefit show was given.

AS A J. R. C. citizenship project, Central Park Red Cross Council of Omaha, Nebraska, help with improvements of their school. Secretly Council members collected refuse found in the halls and rooms. The

amount and variety surprised even the Council. The material was shown to each room, and citizenship talks were given by J. R. C. members.

Howard Roosa School, Evansville, Indiana, has been helping in the city's clean-up campaign, improving the looks of their school in a number of ways, including the making of curtains for windows.

AT PODGORA, Yugoslavia, the Juniors correspond regularly with a school in the interior to which they send fruit and sea-shells. In return they receive clothing and foodstuffs. Their canteen has been working all winter and feeding about fifty children each day. The children who attended the canteen became much stronger.

THE JUNIORS of the Boys' School "St. Louis de Gonzague," Peru, with Scouts of the same school, organized a fête in celebration of Mothers' Day. Afterwards they distributed gifts of food to two hundred needy mothers.

"WE SERVE," the news letter published by the New Orleans J. R. C., now has on its exchange list twenty-one Chapters in eleven States and the District of Columbia.

Two hundred St. Patrick's Day favors were made by Springfield, Ohio, members for patients in a tuberculosis sanitarium. Cookies were placed in envelopes tied with green ribbon. Shamrocks were painted in a corner of the envelopes which also bore an original verse appropriate to the day.

High hats of green were filled with gaily-colored favors for men at the Chelsea, Massachusetts, Naval Hospital by the Bowen School of Newton Centre, Massachusetts. The Red Cross Field Director arranged the hats on trays and carried them through the wards so all the patients could see them. After the gifts were distributed the patients designated one man in each ward to be "Mayor" and the tall hats were presented with formal ceremonies, to the amusement of all.

KINDERGARTENERS of P.S. 166, Queens, New York, had a "Red Cross sale" and invited their mothers to come. Seventeen dollars was

raised from the sale of pot holders, laundry bags, clothespin bags, clay dishes, candle-holders, book racks, mats for hot dishes, needle cases, hat stands and tea tiles, which the children made themselves.

Another J. R. C. benefit held by Washington School, Modesto, California, was reported in an album to New Zealand:

"Our Junior Red Cross had a candy sale this winter. We worked several weeks on it. After we had it all planned, we chose five committees. The Publicity Committee made posters to take around to each room, and made notices of the sale to send home to the children's parents. One committee made aprons, headbands and armbands for the children to wear who sold candy. Another group decorated boxes. Boys made the candy stand. A committee took care of the candy and money that was brought. The children brought some home-made candy and we made some in the cafeteria.

"After working so long we sold out in about three and a half minutes. We made fourteen dollars. The newspaper men came down and took our pictures which we will send you."

JUNIOR Red Cross members of Worcester, Maryland, collected clothing and furniture for a family which lost all its possessions when its home was burned.

THE Primary School at Calloni, Leaves, Greece, wrote to the Farmingdale, New York, School:

"In your letter you asked us to send you the description of one of our games similar to golf. We do not play golf in our town. But when we read its description, we remembered at once our game 'cohylia' or 'coucounaria.' This game is our favorite game and we play it in as large a place as we can in the open air.

"Ten to fifteen players take part. Each must have a long stick, a little crooked at one end. A seashell 'cohyli' or pine cone 'coucounari' is needed. First of all we choose the 'mother.' She takes her place and makes a hole large

enough to take the seashell or the pine cone which she puts at the edge of the hole. When the signal or password is given, each player tries to move the pine cone as far as he can, beating it with his stick. The mother tries to push it into the hole and so the game goes on until the mother wins. Then the player whom mother had beaten with her stick during the play takes her place and the game begins again."

THE J. R. C. at Wilson Creek, British Columbia, held a sale for the benefit of the Crippled Children's Hospital. At first they thought of making a few simple things from which they would make about five dollars. But several women in the neighborhood became interested in the plan and invited the older girls to their homes for "sewing bees" during the long winter evenings. The boys also did their share, borrowing saws and hammers to make tie racks, doorstops and other things. The Juniors also made cakes and sandwiches and served tea. The sale was held in March, and brought in thirty-three dollars. Twenty dollars was sent to the hospital for crippled children, five was spent for games and equipment, and the rest was put in the bank to start a fund for a piano for the school.

BADGETT Grammar School, Little Rock, Arkansas, has only four rooms and 130 pupils. As their service for enrollment, the children brought 101 jars of preserved fruits and vegetables to school, and gave them to the Arkansas Children's Home and Hospital.

Boston, Massachusetts, members filling Easter boxes





Next came a wallaroo

# At the Fern Tree Pool

Alice Alison Lide

Pictures by Kurt Wiese

**A**NN WAS excited. She had just been waked up to go on a picnic in the middle of the night—a picnic down by Fern Tree Pool. There they could watch the queer animals that come to drink in the night time in the Australian forest.

A big round moon bathed the world in silvery light. Ann began to gaze about her as they walked along the woodland path. It looked like fairyland out here in the moon glow. They passed beyond the grove of tall eucalyptus trees. They swished through the gray-green acacia shrubbery. They crossed a stream with a great petrified tree trunk for a bridge.

Now they were at the pool, in the

midst of a forest of ferns that grew as big as trees.

It was fun to eat tasty sandwiches and little jelly-roll cakes, and cups of delicious hot cocoa out of the squatty thermos jug that had been brought along for this middle-of-the-night picnic.

Then everybody settled down as quiet as could be under the ferns to watch and watch.

Somewhere far away, a big owl called "Whoo - whoo - whoo - ee - oo!" He must have been telling the rest of the creatures that all was well and it was time to drink. For here came a little kangaroo, slipping like a gray shadow through the bushes. It nibbled a leaf or two, took a few sips of water, then went leaping off in vast





Patty Platypus

bounds, though the creature itself was only about a foot tall. Next came a wallaroo, a huge sort of kangaroo, sooty black, and as tall as a man. He was a peaceful leaf-eater, too, and bothered no one . . . if no one bothered him.

After the kangaroos left, all was quiet for a while. Then came a little swishing sound on the water at the far end of the pool.

Billy grabbed Ann's hand and started off on tip-toe in that direction. At another swish and a sudden splash Billy stopped short.

"We're too late now . . . she'll never come out again tonight . . . and I did want you to see Patty. She's a queer one . . . and so shy that you almost never set eyes on her. . . ."

"Patty who . . .?" whispered Ann.

"Oh, I just call her Patty. She's really a platypus, the strangest creature you ever heard of. She's part bird, part animal. She has a broad bill like a duck; but her body is covered with fur as thick as any muskrat's. She can dive like a good one, and gets her food from the

roots of water plants down at the bottom of the pool. And, that isn't all . . . Patty Platypus lays eggs like a bird, but after they are hatched, she carries her babies around in a pouch on her body. She hasn't any ears at all that show, but anyway she can hear so well that only a very easy-walking person can slip up close enough to get a good look at her. . . ."

"My, I wish I could see one!"

"Well, there's a stuffed one in a glass case in the big museum in the city," said Billy, "and you'd better take a look so you'll be sure there's such a thing as a platypus in the world."

Just then a fearful scream tore the air, and something shot past Ann's head.

"Billy . . . Uncle . . . what . . ." gasped Ann, beginning to crawl into the bushes.

Billy flung an arm about her and drew her back into the group.

Uncle Bob switched on his flashlight and held it high. "There, Ann, look . . . see the screamer. . . ."

Ann's gaze followed the beam of light upward, but she saw merely a furry gray



"That's the fellow that laughs so big!"

squirrel perched on a limb. "It couldn't be that . . . that little thing! It sounded as big as a lion or a tiger. . . ."

But even as she looked, this squirrel flattened himself out, leaped through the air, and came zooming down like a little airship. All the time he was giving his squall that was big enough for a creature forty times his size.

Other sounds now filled the air . . . little grunts and hums. This meant that a family of koala tree-bears were happily feasting in the eucalyptus trees near by. In fact, the koalas' voices were so soft and soothing that Ann took a little nap. Next thing, though, she waked with a jump. She heard laughter . . . "Ga-ha-ha. Ga-ha-ha-ha!"

"Hey, look now," said Uncle Bob, as

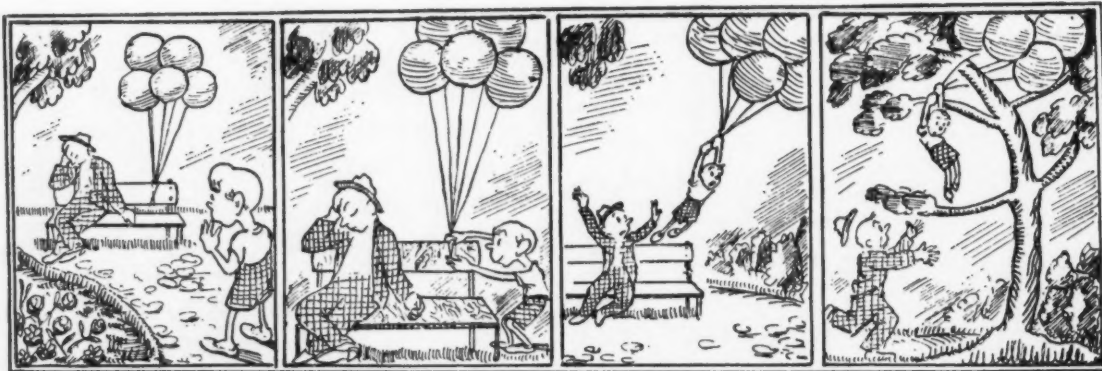
he pointed his flashlight beam at a big silly looking bird on a stump. "See . . . that's the fellow that laughs so big."

As Ann watched, sure enough, the bird cocked his head on one side and let loose a perfect gale of "Ha-ha-ha!"

"That's just Kookooburra," said Uncle Bob.

"Laughing Jackass, some call him," put in Billy, "but Feathered Alarm Clock is our pet name for him, because just before dawn he tells the world it's time for bush creatures to go to bed, time for men to get up and go to work. . . ."

"Well," said Ann, "like a bush creature I sat up 'most all night. Now like a bush creature, I believe I'm ready to sleep all day. . . . But, oh, my, it's been a wonderful picnic!"



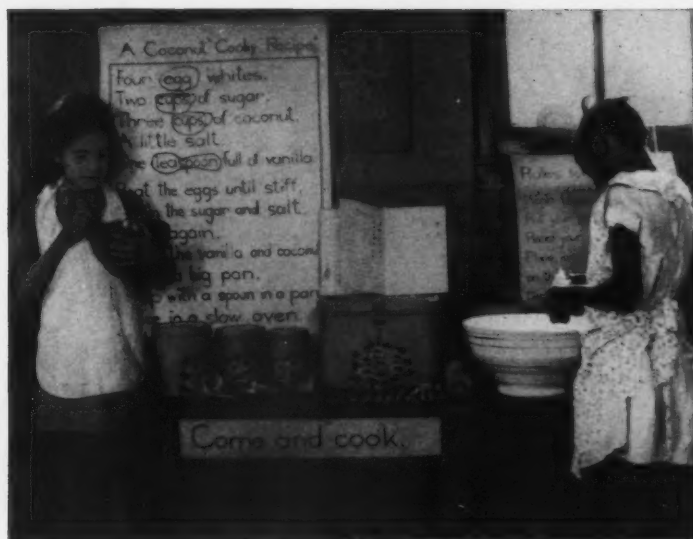
GREEK J.R.C. MAGAZINE

# The Wind

Eleanor Alletta Chaffee

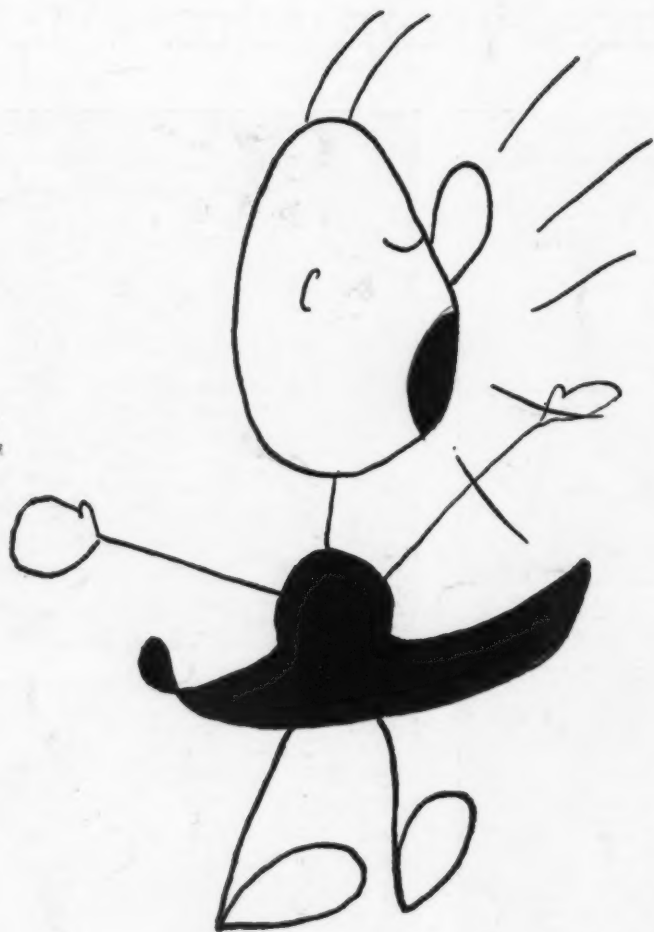
**W**HO like the wind goes where he pleases?  
Sometimes he puffs, sometimes he wheezes.  
He pulls off the hats of children at play,  
Whistles through keyholes but never will stay.  
He stirs up the dust as he runs down the street,  
He scuffles the leaves with his mischievous feet.  
Oh, who like the wind can dance all day long  
And still in the evening feel merry and strong?

# Pictures from Our Albums



**F**IRST grade members from Springfield, Illinois, sent pictures of themselves and their play house in an album from their school to central Europe. They like the house and furniture. The little Japanese boy is learning to eat with chop sticks. His picture came in an al-

bum from Japan. Akron, Ohio, members sent to another school pictures of the things they do. They made a boat and pretended to go fishing in it. Every member of their class learns how to cook and bake. The cakes and cookies they make are delicious.



## Not a Good American

This simple-minded creature doesn't mean any harm, but it goes around spreading germs all over the place. It coughs and sneezes right in people's faces, and if it had the whooping cough or chicken pox or any other disease it would give it to everybody it met.

—From "Fair Play," written and illustrated by Munro Leaf. Courtesy Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.



